



**CAROLYN LEARNS WHY HER UNCLE AND AMANDA PARLOW DO NOT SPEAK AS THEY PASS.**

**Synopsis.**—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk. Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunt Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian.

**CHAPTER IV—Continued.**

"So?" said the carpenter, pushing his big spectacles up to his forehead. "I read about it. Too bad—too mighty bad! I remember Hannah Stagg," he added, winking his eyes. Carolyn May thought, a good deal as Prince did. "You look like her."

"Do it?" Carolyn May returned, drawing nearer. "I'm glad I do. And I'm glad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. It doesn't seem so lonesome."

"So?" I reckoned you'd be lonesome up there at The Corners," said the carpenter.

Mr. Parlow stripped another shaving from the edge of the board he was plumbing. Carolyn May's eager eyes followed that curling ribbon and her lips parted.

The carpenter paused before pushing the plane a second time the length of the board. "Don't you want a drink of water, little girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—I would. And I know Prince would like a drink," she told him quickly.

"Go right around to the well in the back yard," said Mr. Parlow. "You'll find a glass there—and Mandy keeps a pan on the well curb for the dogs and cats."

"Thank you, I'll go," the little girl said.

She hoped she would see Miss Amanda Parlow, but she saw nobody. She went back to the door of the carpenter shop and found Mr. Parlow still busily at work.

"Seems to me," he said, in his dry voice, after a little while, "you aren't much like other little girls."

"Aren't I?" responded Carolyn May wonderingly.

"No. Most little girls that come here want shavings to play with," said the carpenter, quizzically eying her over his work.

"Oh!" cried Carolyn May, almost jumping. "And do you give 'em to 'em?"

"Most always," admitted Mr. Parlow.

"Oh! Can I have some?" she gasped.

"All you want," said Mr. Parlow.

When Tim's old hack crawled along the road from town with Aunt Rose sitting inside, enthroned amidst a multitude of bundles, Carolyn May was bedecked with a veritable wig of long, crisp curls.

"Well, child, you certainly have made a mess of yourself," said the housekeeper. "Has she been annoying you, Jedidiah Parlow?"

"She's the only Stagg that ain't annoyed me since her mother went away," said the carpenter gruffly.

Aunt Rose looked at him levelly. "I wonder," she said. "But, you see, she isn't wholly a Stagg."

This, of course, did not explain matters to Carolyn May in the least. Nor did what Aunt Rose said to her on the way home in the hot, stuffy hack help the little girl to understand the trouble between her uncle and Mr. Parlow.

"Better not let Joseph Stagg see you so friendly with Jedidiah Parlow. Let sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Kennedy observed.

**CHAPTER V.**

**A Tragic Situation.**

Such was the introduction of Carolyn May to The Corners. It was not a very exciting life she had entered into, but the following two or three weeks were very full.

Aunt Rose insisted upon her being properly fitted out with clothing for the summer and fall. Carolyn May had to go to the dressmaker's house to be fitted and that is how she became acquainted with Chet Gormley's mother.

Mrs. Gormley was helping the dressmaker and they both made much of Carolyn May. Aunt Rose allowed her to go for her fitting alone—of course with Prince as a companion—so, without doubt, Mrs. Gormley, who loved a "dish of gossip," talked more freely with the little girl than she would have done in Mrs. Kennedy's presence.

One afternoon the little girl appeared at the dressmaker's with Prince's collar decorated with short, curly shavings.

"I take it you've stopped at Jed Parlow's shop, child," said Mrs. Gormley with a sigh.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Carolyn

May. "Do you know, he's very lib'ral." "Lib'ral?" repeated Mrs. Gormley. "I never heard of old Jed Parlow being accused of that before. Did you, Mrs. Maine?"

Mrs. Maine was the dressmaker; and she bit off her words when she spoke, much as she bit off her threads.

"No. I never—heard Jed Parlow—called that—no!" declared Mrs. Maine emphatically.

"Why, yes," little Carolyn May said quite eagerly, "he gives me all the shavings I want. I—I guess folks don't just understand about Mr. Parlow," she added, remembering what her uncle had first said about the carpenter. "He is real lib'ral."

"It's a wonder to me," drawled Mrs. Gormley, "that he has a thing to do with a certain party, Mrs. Maine, considering how his daughter feels toward that certain party's relation. What do you think?"

"I guess—there's sumpin'—to be said—on both sides o' that controversy," responded the dressmaker.

"Meanin' that maybe a certain party's relative feels just as cross as Mandy Parlow?" suggested Mrs. Gormley.

"Yep," agreed the other woman. Carolyn May listened, much puzzled. She wondered just who "a certain party" could be.

Mrs. Maine was called away upon some household task and Mrs. Gormley.

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"Why, he says her name is Miss Amanda Parlow."

Mrs. Gormley flushed rather oddly and glanced at the child with suspicion. But little Carolyn May was perfectly frank and ingenuous.

"Humph!" ejaculated Chet's mother. "He never says nothing about bein' in love with Mandy, does he? They was goin' with each other steady once."

The little girl looked puzzled. "When folks love each other they look at each other and talk to each other, don't they?" she asked.

"Well—yes—generally," admitted Mrs. Gormley.

"Then my Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow aren't in love," announced Carolyn May with confidence, "for they don't even look at each other."

"They used to. Why, Joseph Stagg and Mandy Parlow was sweethearts years and years ago! Long before your mother left these parts, child."

"That was a long time 'fore I was borned," said the little girl wonderingly.

"Oh, yes. Everybody that went to The Corners' church thought they'd be married."

"My Uncle Joe and Miss Mandy?"

"Yes."

"Then, what would have become of Aunt Rose?" queried Carolyn May.

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy hadn't gone to keep house for Mr. Stagg then," replied Mrs. Gormley. "He tried sev'ral

triffin' critters there at the Stagg place before she took hold."

Carolyn May looked at Mrs. Gormley encouragingly. She was very much interested in Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow's love affair.

"Why didn't they get married—like my papa and mamma?" she asked.

"Oh, goodness knows!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley. "Some says 'twas his fault and some says 'twas hers. And maybe 'twas a third party's that I might mention at that," added Mrs. Gormley, pursing up her lips in a very knowing way.

"One day," she said, growing confidential, "it was in camp-meeting time—one day somebody seen Joe Stagg drivin' out with another girl—Charlotte Lenny, that was. She was married to a man over in Springdale long ago. Mr. Stagg took Charlotte to Faith camp meeting."

"Then, the very next week, Mandy went with Evan Peckham to a barn dance at Crockett's, and nobody ain't ever seen your uncle and Mandy Parlow speak since, much less ever walk together."

One particularly muddy day Prince met the returning hardware merchant at the gate with vociferous barking and a plain desire to implant a welcoming tongue on the man's cheek. He succeeded in muddying Mr. Stagg's suit with his front paws, and almost cast the angry man full length into a mud puddle.

"Drat the beast!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "I'd rather have an epileptic fit loose around here than him. Now, look at these clo'es! I declare, Carolyn, you've just got to tie that mongrel up—and keep him tied!"

"All the time, Uncle Joe?" whispered the little girl.

"Yes, ma'am, all the time! If I find him loose again, I'll tie a bag of rocks to his neck and drop him in the deepest hole in the book."

After this awful threat Prince lived a precarious existence, and his mistress was much worried for him. Aunt Rose said nothing, but she saw that both the little girl and her canine friend were very unhappy.

Mrs. Kennedy, however, had watched Mr. Joseph Stagg for years. Indeed, she had known him as a boy, long before she had closed up her own little cottage around on the other road and come to the Stagg place to save the hardware merchant from the continued reign of those "trifling creatures" of whom Mrs. Gormley had spoken.

As a bachelor Joseph Stagg had been preyed upon by certain female harpies so prevalent in a country community. Some had families whom they partly supported out of Mr. Stagg's larder; some were widows who looked upon the well-to-do merchant as a marrying proposition.

Aunt Rose Kennedy did not need the position of Mr. Stagg's housekeeper and could not be accused of assuming it from mercenary motives. Over her back fence she had seen the havoc going on in the Stagg homestead after Hannah Stagg went to the city and Joseph Stagg's final female relative had died and left him alone in the big house.

One day the old Quaker-like woman could stand no more. She put on her sunbonnet, came around by the road to the front door of the Stagg house, which she found open, and walked through to the rear porch on which the woman who then held the situation of housekeeper was wrapping up the best feather bed and pillows in a pair of the best homespun sheets, preparatory to their removal.

The neighbors enjoyed what followed. Aunt Rose came through the ordeal as dignified and unruined as ever; the retiring incumbent went away wrathfully, shaking the dust of the premises from her garments as a testimony against "any such actions."

When Mr. Stagg came home at supper time he found Aunt Rose at the helm and already a different air about the place.

"Goodness me, Aunt Rose," he said, biting into her biscuit ravenously, "I was a-going down to the mill-hands' hotel to board. I couldn't stand it no longer. If you'd stay here and do for me, I'd feel like a new man."

"You ought to be made over into a new man, Joseph Stagg," the woman said sternly. "A married man."

"No, no! Never that!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"If I came here, Joseph Stagg, it would cost you more money than you've been paying these no-account women."

"I don't care," said Mr. Stagg recklessly. "Go ahead. Do what you please. Say what you want. I'm game."

Thereby he had put himself into Aunt Rose's power. She had renovated the old kitchen and some of the other rooms. If Mr. Stagg at first trembled for his bank balance, he was made so comfortable that he had not the heart to murmur.

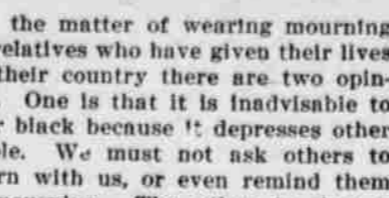
Of course, Carolyn May let Prince run at large when she was sure Uncle Joe was well out of sight of the house, but she was very careful to chain him up again long before her uncle was expected to return.

Prince had learned not to chase anything that wore feathers; Aunt Rose herself had to admit that he was a very intelligent dog and knew what punishment was for. But how did he know that in trying to dig out a mole he would be doing more harm than good?

Carolyn is heartbroken and decides upon drastic action when Uncle Joe passes sentence on Prince. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# WHAT CAN WE DO?



In the matter of wearing mourning for relatives who have given their lives for their country there are two opinions. One is that it is inadvisable to wear black because it depresses other people. We must not ask others to mourn with us, or even remind them of mourning. The other is that a proper respect for the dead almost compels a period of mourning apparel. It is a matter which each one must think out for herself. The Red Cross has adopted a substitute for the usual mourning and the last bulletin of the central division has this to say:

"The American Red Cross will provide the mourning brassards to be worn by relatives of men who have given their lives to their country, according to an announcement made by the war council. These brassards, which are to be used in lieu of general mourning, were suggested and designed by the woman's committee of the council of national defense, the idea being heartily indorsed by President Wilson in a letter he sent to the woman's committee. They will be furnished free to the parents or widows of men who have died in the service and at cost to other members of the family."

"The brassard, which is to be worn on the left sleeve, midway between elbow and shoulder, is a band of black broadcloth or other material three inches wide on the surface of which the regulation military star is embroidered in gold thread. The number of stars on a brassard will denote the extent of the sacrifice made by each family."

"The brassards will be made and distributed by the chapters of the Red Cross working in conjunction with local units of the woman's committee of the council of national defense. An initial supply of materials for the manufacture of the mourning emblems has been purchased by the Red Cross and will be forwarded to the 14 divisions of the organization for distribution through their chapters. It is expected that the first of the brassards will be ready for distribution about the middle of September. A brief statement accompanying the announcement says:

"In adopting this insignia the woman's committee desired that it should never be commercialized, but that it should always be possible for the members of the families of those who have made the supreme sacrifice to prepare for themselves this badge of honor."

**For the Fall Bride.**

A gift which will remind the little bride who undertakes to furnish a home in wartime that Mr. Hoover has his eye on her, is a bread bag. It is made of sturdy cotton; an unbleached muslin would do well. Into it the scraps of bread left from the table are put and are kept comparatively fresh for use at the next meal or for bread puddings or bread crumbs. The reason for the bag is that war bread seems to keep so much better when wrapped in a cloth than when left in the regulation box, where it is apt to mold if the box is close, or dry out if the box is left open. Embroider the word bread, or an outline of a cut loaf on this bag if you are thinking of giving it to some little bride you know.

**Chemise Dress.**

The chemise dress, if present indications count for anything, has come to stay. These new ones for winter hang in severely straight lines from shoulder to hem, and they do not show the additional undershirt with which they were provided last season. Some of them are plaited in fine accordion plaits and others are provided with extra applied and floating panels at the sides of the skirts. As for the belts, they are mostly made of very thin strips of the material from which the gown is constructed, and they are tied loosely to confine the gown in some semblance of a waistline.

**Satin Footwear.**

High black satin boots, for house wear, are true leather savers. They are really very smart. They lace snugly about the ankles and are made with French heels and moderate points. Oxfords of black satin also laced, are another autumn specialty in the shoe shops. These are especially pretty for informal house wear in the afternoon.

## Hats and Scarfs Join Forces



Occasionally during the past summer one ran across a turban, or small hat, with a long tulle scarf attached and this scarf was simply an elongation of a puffed drapery of tulle over a crown of flowers. Now that fall is here someone of those clever people who think up our headwear was inspired with the happy idea of substituting velvet or velveteen or broadcloth for tulle—and we have a chic and youthful winter hat with a cozy scarf attachment. It is a novelty and becoming. Moreover, the scarf is very practical, and we may see this combination developed in several ways.

The odd and pretty hat in the picture has a narrow brim and side crown covered with sapphire blue and gray brocade in satin. The crown is a puff of blue velvet and the scarf is of velvet lined with satin. It is tucked to the brim at the right back and wraps about the throat, the ends falling—one to the back, over the shoulder. There are two small bead tassels on each end of the scarf.

This coquettish model happens to be made of velvet with brocade, but broadcloth or duvetyne would suit even better for it, using either brocade or fur for the brim. It has something

of the rollicking character of the "blue devil" tam in which millinery artists delight and make us wonder that it can be interpreted in so many ways. Rich materials lend it dignity and the same is true of the scarf hat shown above.

*Julia Bottomley*

**On the Brim of Your Hat.**

Two feet away it was strikingly good looking. Any black velvet sailor would be with a wide woolen Roman-stripe binding about the edge of its brim. A closer inspection proved again how very effective absurdly simple things can be. Mercerized cotton did it. Chinese blue, orange, purple, green and black were used this way:

A simple over-and-over stitch made the binding, a solid two inches of the circumference done in the blue, the next in purple, then green, then black; and so on all the way round the hat. A pretty variation of this form of trimming would be to use a blanket stitch instead of the simpler over-and-over. Then straight strands of the cotton might be wrapped round and round the crown to simulate a band.

## LIFT OFF CORNS!

Drop Freezone on a touchy corn, then lift that corn off with fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic! No humbug!



A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

**Golden Spoon Handicap.**

"I presume this great artist once starved in a hall bedroom, as most men of genius are supposed to do early in their careers?"

"No. Strange to say, his people were wealthy. I think he deserves all the more credit for his achievements."

"Why so?"

"He won fame without ever missing a meal or having his trunk confiscated by a hard-hearted landlady."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befall the over-zealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratories in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

**Suggestion on Patches.**

All men who are wearing their pants on a win-the-war schedule must be careful that the attritive pressure be distributed so that the two rear patches may become necessary simultaneously. A new patch with a worn companion patch is not slightly and is not indicative of even and symmetrical war service.—Houston Post.

**"Cold in the Head"**

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. \$1.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

**Identified Just the Same.**

She—Walter, can you tell me if Mr. Jones has been in today?

Walter—Mr. Jones? Is he the old man with the big red nose?

She—Yes, that's him—but, look here; I want you to understand that my husband is not old, nor is his nose big and red.

**Cuticura Beauty Doctor**

For cleansing and beautifying the skin, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford the most effective preparations. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c.—Adv.

**Her Way.**

Stella—Are you saving money? Bella—Well, every day I think of more things I don't buy.

It is said that the Japanese have no swear words, but the Russians probably more than make up the deficiency.

**Stop the Pain.**

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 25c and 50c by all druggists. For free sample write The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Adv.

Eternal vigilance isn't always the price of liberty—sometimes it's \$10 and costs.

## Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.